



2BIRDS 1blog

what the flock?



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SHIT'S. ABOUT TO GET. REAL. (& a recap.)

Well Christ, now that you've all thrown some pity money my way, I suppose I'm obligated to write regularly again and let you know what's up with me, right? Well played, *reader*. Well played indeed.

Well, to simplify the situation greatly, I've had to face some hard realities in the past few weeks and those realities caused all of these *emotions* and Lord (and a slew of state-certified therapists) knows that I have no god-given idea how to deal with emotions in a healthy way. I didn't want to get into all this shit here because this is a comedy blog after all and if you wanted to hear me bitch and moan about how hard life is, you probably would have just been my friend in *middle school*. But I didn't have any friends in middle school. So I interpret that as a pretty good indicator that nobody wants to hear me bitch and moan. Plus, it's hard to write something from the heart when you know some schmo is going to shit all over it in the comments section. I'm going to be honest with you right now: that is a mind fuck. Bloggers aren't supposed to acknowledge that part of the job because if you do, you're giving power to the people trying to fuck you and the only way to fight back is to deny that they have power over you in the first place. You know who else has to deal with that kind of mental battle every day? Prison inmates. Prison inmates and bloggers. I would not be surprised if I go into my kitchen tomorrow morning to get a bowl of Kashi Go-Lean and a Latin King jumps out and either shanks me or makes me his life bitch. I think we both know I'm rooting for the latter, but still. I'm just saying it's a bizarre occupational hazard.

So, yes, light-hearted end of the week ass rape jokes aside, I wasn't going to talk about it. But as we've experienced in the last two weeks, when I don't talk about it, I don't talk at all. Which I expected a lot of animosity about, and while I certainly got it, mostly I just got a lot of support. By complete strangers! It's crazy. And flattering and touching and slightly overwhelming because you know, *emotions* and such and

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sucks if you're colorblind.

C L I C K



such. But eff the commenters! Eff them in the A. And the B. And up the U with [electrical wire](#). And throw a CD in there to boot. (That's a [coke douche](#), by the way, not a compact disc. Although fuck it—throw that in there too. Everything's in mp3 these days anyway and shit is *wide*.) I'm going to tell you what's up. Although I will let you know that a large quantity of red wine was recently spilled on my keyboard and the S and control keys are fucked up, so it there might be some pelling errors. <--- I didn't plan that. That was organic. But I'm keeping it to prove a point. And if you have a problem with it, shoot me an email me and I will personally come to your place of residence and felate you, because you need to chill the fuck out. And because I'm aware I give a half-assed BJ, I will also bring a few cans of Coors with me to compensate—Christ knows I got extra from camping and Christ double knows I got the time.

So, I was trying to pinpoint today the source of this whole existential life crisis that I'm currently going through. Was it the change of seasons? My sister's upcoming wedding? The fact that all of my friends seem to be fleeing this city like it's the second outbreak of the bubonic plague? No. Well, maybe. But specifically, it was because I looked at my bank account. And the balance was \$12.30. So then I looked in my back-up bank account. And the balance there was - \$55.30. So then I looked at my *emergency savings account*. And the balance *there* was \$14.95. Which puts my finances at a grand total of - \$28.05, before bills and cost of living and blah blah pants and sandwiches blah. Final summation: bitch has gotta go back to work.

But the thing is, (and I realize this is going to sound obnoxious at first, but stick with) I have to go back to *work-work*. Like, I have to get a real person job again. I refuse to go back to retail because not only do you work all the time and not make any money, my last experience left me totally jaded. Because you know what's an ironic moment? When you can't make payments on the loans you took out to get a fancy BA in art, because you're not qualified for a promotion at the *arts and crafts store* you work at. That moment is a real fucking kick in the pants. And then right after you find out you got passed, one of your best friends comes into the store to say goodbye on her way to move to New York and *per chance*, The Rolling Stones' "Wild Horses" starts playing on the store soundtrack and suddenly you're looking around for fucking James Van Der Beek because life is feeling a little too "Dawson's Creeky" for your liking, so you deal with it by calling your parents on M street and just yell a bunch of swears, get sick, and never go back. *Christ*.

I'm aware that everyone, including me, has to work. I'm aware that I'm not special and I'm not exempt from any of the shittier aspects of life. However, the fact that I have to go back and get a 9-5 again, to me, feels like a failure. The fact that I couldn't make this blog my bread and butter after trying very, very hard to, makes me feel like a failure. I know because I don't have Google Ads it must seem like I'm not trying to monetize or like I don't take my writing seriously, but behind the

S U B S C R

 Posts 

 All Comments 

W E S W E
U S A G A



F A C T :

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F A N F A

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[DC to Meghan McCain: Bitch, Please!](#)

[Embarassment of the day. And it's only 9 o'clock.](#)

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scenes I hustle. Chris and I both hustle hard. And I personally have come so close, so many times to getting a break, but fall *just* short every single time. So I keep trying. I tell myself it's the kick in the ass I need to make this my number one priority and work harder. But when I realized a few weeks ago that I was officially out of "post-firing" money with absolutely nothing to show for it, I just felt like a big fat fucking failure.

Intellectually, I can sit myself down and say that going back to a 9-5 will by no means end my dream and it doesn't actually mean I've failed, but for me, right now, it does. And as I told my mom (or more accurately, as I *screamed* at my mom), I am allowed to take a moment and be upset about it. I'm not quitting. The blog is not dead. I just needed some time to fucking sit down, eat a bowl of Xanax, come to terms with what's up, look for jobs, and cry at everything on TV, including, but not limited to, that god damn Hallmark card commercial with the daughters going through their dad's drawers and finding every card they've ever given him and they're all, "He kept them all...I didn't even know he read them," and then they all start crying and suddenly Dad pokes his head in all, "What you hens cluckin' about? I'm only moving *downtown*." You know what? THAT COMMERCIAL IS FUCKING FUCKED UP. They totally lead you into thinking Dad is dead and let's not pretend like we haven't all cleaned out a dead loved one's room and you find their old like, "#1 Grandpa!" shit and think you're going to vomit your insides out and your parents are crying and that's ass-backwards and confusing because you're only 12-fucking-years old and what the shit can you say to make any of it better? FUCK HALLMARK FOR CAPITALIZING ON *THAT* MOMENT. That is some voodoo shit right there and and I am not amused. It's like the "Golden Girls" episode when you think Blanche's husband is alive again and then right at the end you find out it was all a dream. If someone is alive, just say they're alive. If someone is dead, just say they're dead. Hallmark Dad is alive, George Devereaux is dead. How hard was that??

Anyway, I needed a moment to sit in my apartment, scream at the television like a senile old person and just fucking be sad. The weird thing about writing a comedy blog about the unfortunateness of your life is that after a while, you sort of get psyched when shit happens because it means you have new material. But this little life realization totally snuck up on me. All of a sudden it was like, "this is isn't funny. This isn't funny at all. All of my friends are in love and settling down and getting married and having babies and going back to school and moving on, and I'm single, living in the town I've always lived in or near, in *my sister's apartment* and I write a free comedy blog primarily about my body fluids and bad luck. ***What the fuck am I doing?***" And the answer is: I don't know. I mean, I guess nobody really knows what they're doing, but I don't even have the comfort of getting to pretend like I do. I can't slap a bunch of smiling pictures of myself on Facebook, add a fancy job title at an impressive company and feel validated. Why? Because everyone knows that I got *fired* six

doesn't make me a lesbian.

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Blog Awards Winner



-
- A R C H I V
- ▼ 2010 (182)
- ▼ October (4)
 - SHIT'S. ABOUT TO GET. REAL. (& a recap.)
 - WHERE'S OUR GIVEAWAY, YA LAIR!!!1
 - Queer Abby (with special guest, Diane McBlogger!)
 - Hey, who loves you, baby?
 - September (17)
 - August (18)
 - July (23)
 - June (17)
 - May (20)
 - April (20)
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- 2008 (115)
- 2007 (35)
-

months ago and went to the hospital because I couldn't stop [shitting myself](#). I mean...*really*.

That being said, I totally understand that it's my choice to share all of this with you. And I am 100% dedicated to making this little horse and pony show (and my writing in general) a success. However, I don't know if that's actually ever going to happen. I don't know if I'll ever monetize, I don't know if I'm ever going to get an agent, I don't know if I'll ever get a book deal, I don't know if turning down that awesome design job a year and a half ago to stay in a shitty receptionist job to dedicate myself to writing this blog was a good idea and if I didn't do this anymore, I really, *really* don't know what I'd do. And as long as we're being honest; that scares the ever-living shit out of me. Because *everyone knows about it*. If I fail, *everyone is going to know*, so part of me is nervous to even try. But that's where your supportive emails and [tweets](#) and PayPal donations really helped. It's very powerful to just have random fucking people tell you not to give up. Because of course my family and friends are supportive and have been telling me not to give up, but they're my *family and friends*. They're pretty much contractually obligated to believe in me. But you're not. And you seem to be into it. So blokey. I won't go anywhere. I even wrote two blog posts today to make sure that we're back on schedule for next week. hey HEY hey.

So there. That's mostly what's been going on with me. I'm sorry if it inconvenienced you and I'm sorry if my explanation made you feel uncomfortable (as it would me), but I don't know. The minute money is involved, I feel oddly obligated to be honest. Which is weird because I'm Jewish. **HI-OHHHHHHHHH!** She's back! And now that we've established I'm not swinging from nerd rope on my shower rod, let's [check in](#) on another loose cannon, shall we?



As of 6:18am on October 8, 2010, Larry Hagman is....[alive!](#) And [\\$12 million dollars richer](#). Which is an interesting turn of events. But apparently he's giving away \$10 million of it to charity. Soooooo, Mr. Hagman, I will kindly direct you to my personal PayPal button at your right and bid you a good weekend.

So, this was a boring week in the "Jersey Shore" world, but meh, what

else is new? Everyone is psyched that Angelina is gone and to celebrate that fact, the boys go and throw her bed out. This scene enrages me for two reasons: 1.) Upon lifting up her mattress, they discover that the supporting planks are broken and are obviously like, "Heyoo0o0oo, she's such a slut she broke her bed!" I'm sorry but Ikea furniture doesn't hold up for shit and if you'd like to argue that, I have a two broken end tables looking me square in the eye that would love to speak with you; and 2.) The production crew usually gets to take shit from the house for themselves at the end of a reality show and how pissed would you be if you had shotgunned Angelina's bed and then Mike "The Situation" Sorrentino and "DJ Pauly D" decided to physically throw it in a dumpster to further prove that the girl who has left the show, has indeed left the show? How bored and full of forbidden homosexual thoughts are you when *that* suddenly gets thrown on the agenda?

To further *further* celebrate the fact that Angelina's gone, the house gets together and cooks a big lobster feast and prays and mumbles about family and Sammi feels weird because now that Angelina's gone, she doesn't have any girlfriends in the house blah blah blah I'm so bored I could puke. But why talk about that when we can talk about how J-WOWW and Snooki attempt to "rescue" a lobster by putting him in a salad bowl of water, feeding him worms and keeping him as a pet? Because again, I'm relating to the "Jersey Shore" a little more than I'd like to. It's time you all know about M'Lady.

M'Lady was a crab. Some say the *best* crab. One day the summer before freshman year of college, me, [Teresa](#) and our friend Franky went crabbing because we're from Maryland and stereotypes are fun *and* usually based on fact. We were probably out crabbing for like, six hours, and all we caught was one lone crab. Unfortunately, we caught her kind of early on in the day (looking back, if it was a lady crab, why did we keep her? Teresa, email me about this immediately because that seems out of character for us) and therefore become oddly attached to her. We named her M'Lady and we were her #1 fans. When we finally decided to call it a day, we threw M'Lady and like, a lone Pepsi can to clank around together in an igloo cooler lined with part of a folded up Sugarcult poster or something equally ridiculous and as we sped off, it became apparent rather quickly that M'Lady was dying because we forgot to put any fresh water in there. So, I swear to god, Teresa pulled like a hard J-turn off the highway, threw it in reverse, backed into the jetty and we at the last possible second filled M'Lady's cooler with bay water and she *lived*.

But then we got home (after we did a quick photoshoot with her...) and were faced with the dilemma of, "we have this delicious blue crab on our hands. We befriended her. What the fuck are we supposed to do with her now?" There was only one humane thing we could think of: make a dip out of her. Because every now and then, humane = *delicious*. But we had bonded with M'Lady so hardcore by that point though that none of us wanted to be the one to actually put M'Lady in

her boiling grave of death. In the end Franky did it because he's a boy and boys kill things and girls run into Teresa's dad's den and google artichoke crab dip recipes. Feminism *Schmeminism*. Then it came time to pick M'Lady apart and again, none of us wanted to do it. So then we had the issue of having a delicious *fully-cooked* blue crab on our hands and what to do with it. I think I've blocked out how we solved that problem though, because in my mind we went from taking the lid off the pot and discovering one lone crab claw sticking out of the water and straight into the air like the hand at the end of *Carrie* to happily enjoying a zesty artichoke crab dip. And then when I "used the facility" later that night, I texted Teresa and Franky and told them I had just given M'Lady a "royal burial at sea," which in retrospect is equal parts disgusting and *hilarious*. And then a year later I named my Acura Legend after her to memorialize the M'Lady name forever. Until my sophomore year roommate totaled it and it was like losing her all over again. The moral of the story is: do not befriend crustaceans. Also, don't duct tape a picture of yourself, your male friend and your crab friend to your door the first day of college or everyone will repeatedly come up to you and tell you that your boyfriend is really cute and you'll have to be repeatedly correct them all, "dat dem der ain't mah boyfriend. That's mah crabbin' buddy, Franky, and our delicious catch o' the day, M'Lady!" and everyone think you're a weirdo. And they will be right, but that's not the point.

Speaking crabs, that girl who stood Vinnie up finally calls him back and wants a second chance. He's all for it. He plans a romantic little picnic for the two of them on the beach, which she shows up for about three hours late. I mention this mainly because I appreciate the "time wasting" shots of Vinnie clipping his claws, sighing heavily, looking in new and exciting drawers for unfound treasure and the like. Finally after waiting a while, two random girls call him up and are like, "Hi. Can we suck your dick?" and Vinnie's like, "I don't know, give me like, five minutes," and they're like, "OK, our fathers didn't love us." So Vinnie waits out the five minutes *convinced* that his lost lady friend will show up and all will be right in the world. But then she doesn't, so he calls the ho's back and tells them to come over and get on it. BUT THEN HIS ORIGINAL DATE SHOWS UP!!!!111 So he call the ho's and tells them not to come over. And thus concludes *Vinny Guadango and the Case of Too Many Vaginas*.

Speaking of vaginas in the house, Snooki's BFF from home, Ryder, is in town visiting! According to J-WOWW, the way Snooki and Ryder communicate is "hysterical." And I agree. If we live in a world where "hysterical" is a synonym for "mind-bogglingly irritating."

OK, basically here's all you need to know about this episode: The Situation is a dick. He's way too rough with girls, they can smell the HIV wafting off him like the Axe body spray I'd bet dollars to donut he douses himself in daily, they want nothing to do with him and thus he's become a blue-balled party-poooper. To cope with this, The Situation has tried everything from slamming random chicks up against the wall

and tattooing his tongue on their pubes, attempting to make out with Snooki, smacking Snooki in the mouth when she resists and doesn't want to go home, sulking in the corner of the club with his sunglasses on like a god damn pedophile, and attempting to pull a "robbery" by macking on Vinnie's chick while he's in the shitter. He always wants to go home when they're out at the clerbbs and even Sammi and Ronnie are like, "seriously? It's 7:30pm" and The Situation is like, "but I want to go *nowwww-wuh*." Everyone thinks he's changed, nobody likes him, he still think he's the shit, and now he's on "Dancing With The Stars" with Bristol Palin and Audrina Patridge. I don't know. I have literally lost the ability to tell whether that's a win or lose in today's cultural landscape. I'm apt to think lose, but then again he has five million dollars and I have emotions. Draw?

As always, have a great weekend and thank you for sticking with.

xoxo

P O S T E R B Y T H E S A R D O N
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WHERE'S OUR GIVEAWAY, YA LAIR!!!1

Dear world:

I know I promised you a blog giveaway and an embarrassing picture of myself in middle school today. You will get that tomorrow. Because right now, I am having a "moment." Why? Because my attempt at making this little fart joke blog into a real job has failed tremendously and I am struggling with that fact while I simultaneously drink a lot of wine and look for jobs. Failure is rough man. However, god bless my friends like Dan. OH WAIT, Dan is leaving me to go to Abu Dhabi for 45 days and where does that leave me? Alone, unemployed and my finger is brunt from roasting a marshmallow with a corn on the cob holder over my stove when I was high. OW. So yes, comedy and giveaway tomorrow. Right now I need to job hunt a-wasted. Because I have failed. As Prince of Petworth predicted.

XOXO,

Meg

P O S T E R B Y T H E S A R D O N
E V E R Y W H E R E , A M T O A A P Y N
8 4 C O M M E N T S

Queer Abby (with special guest, Diane McBlogger!)

[Sorry this is late. I tried to illegally download *Spun* and it crashed

everything on my computer and I almost set my apartment on fire. Which is one of the more embarrassing reasons to be late with a blog post, but at least it's honest.]

I was, and still am, at a complete loss re: last week's Queer Abby questions. They were all about relationships. But like, loving, mature, adult *relationships*. That's not so much my area of expertise. Questions about hating your job, depression, casual hook ups, fake hair, gummy cuisine, or 1970's soap operas? I'm your girl. Debating whether or not you should stay with the one you love? I immediately feel uncomfortable and say good day to you, sir. When it comes to Queer Abby, I can usually handle 1/3 questions about real-people relationships, but all three? *Ooof*, that's a tall order. Ergo, I brought in someone this week who's *slightly* more knowledgeable on this subject matter—my mom, of married for 37 years fame. (Actually, we did this last Wednesday night when I come home from happy hour considerably drunker than I meant to. I don't 100% remember this conversation, but I'm pretty impressed with myself for transcribing it so meticulously. Meg McBlogger: you surprise me.)

Meg: Hi mom. Sorry this is happening so late, I got significantly drunker at happy hour than I thought. But I got Gatorade and fiber cereal at CVS afterwards, so I feel like we can power through this. [Note: that fiber cereal was one of the worst drunk decisions I've ever made. I got Fiber One Caramel Delight because in my drunken state I was like, "HEY-O, it's like a Cinnamon Toast Crunch that'll make me shit until I'm skinny! I'm on board with that!" Uh, no. It tastes like what I imagine licking a caramel flavored old person to be like.]

Diane: Well at least you're honest. *Drunk* honest.

Meg: I feel so incredibly sick. I don't know why I drank pumpkin flavored beer.

D: Wow. I sure as hell don't either. Who did you go to Happy Hour with?

M: [Helena](#) and [College Roommate Rachel](#).

D: Oh, lovely.

M: It was.

D: I'm glad.

M: Me too.

D: Alright, let's get this over with.



Dear Queer Abby,

I have a dilemma and need some of your great advice (and meg's too!).

I'm currently a senior in college and am in a long distance relationship. He just moved to the east coast for a job, I'm on the west coast for school. We've been dating happily for almost 2 years but lately I've been feeling weird about it and I can tell that he's not really enjoying the situation either. To make things even more confusing for me, I met the most amazing guy that I am starting to really like. I feel so conflicted that I can be in love with my boyfriend but also want to date other people. Is that even possible? I'm thinking I want to go on a break but I don't want my boyfriend out of my life.

Please advise,
- Stumped Senior

It's perfectly understandable that you aren't crazy about the long-distance thing; I even think it's understandable that your attention might wander a little given his absence. So if you were pretty convinced this guy was 'the one', that would be one thing. But considering the fact that he just left and you're already questioning the arrangement... if you feel like a break is what you need, then yea, I think that's probably the best decision.

It's definitely a decision you should involve him in though, for two reasons: a) out of respect for him, the last two years and the gravity of this decision and b) because it's bound to go down way better (and, therefore, more likely that you'll remain part of his life) if it seems like you guys arrive at the decision together, as opposed to it coming off like you're dictating what's gonna happen.

So, open up the conversation with him and be as honest and sincere as possible. Say something along the lines of "listen, this long distance thing is really hard and the future is super uncertain—you're starting a new life over there and there's no telling where I'm going to

be this time next year... Sometimes I just wonder if we wouldn't be a little better off if we took some time apart to get our respective lives sorted out to see if it's really possible down the road and make sure that's what we want." Or something along those lines anyway. Basically, make your case, throw the idea out there and see what he has to say about it. You don't have to make the decision in one night—talk about it a little bit. Before long you'll start to get a stronger sense of what you really want and need. And even if you still don't want to be in a relationship with him, and he totally disagrees, at least you let him weigh in, gave it due thought, and did it right. Hopefully he'll appreciate that.

D: Well, when you commit yourself to someone else, that doesn't mean you will not be attracted to other people.

M: WOAH, WOAH, WOAH. Time out. Is this your subtle way of telling me that you've cheated on Dad?

D: I'm not talking about me, Meghan.

M: Damn straight. Proceed.

D: Although you might be attracted to other people, it's the strength of your commitment that will determine whether you say, "Oh he's really cute," or if you decide, "Hey, I'm not that committed to Joe Blow after all," and go after this guy. Because you'll always be exposed to other people and there will always be really handsome, really cool guys out there. But that's what making a commitment to someone means: that you won't act on it. But if you feel strongly that you *should* act on it; then you should act on it. I just think it matters how seriously she's taking this commitment to this other guy. If the first time he's away some hot guy walks across her path and she feels tempted, maybe she should question it.

M: I don't know what "I feel weird about it" means. That's vague.

D: Yeah, I don't know. I mean, I know people who sustained bicoastal relationships and it's worked, and I know people who have tried and it hasn't worked. Me personally? I'd always be wondering.

M: Well you and Dad did a DC/New York long distance thing for a while. Did you ever feel tempted to cheat on him?

D: No. I mean, I never really went to clubs though; I was just hanging out. I never felt tempted. Once I've made a commitment to somebody, that's that. I certainly appreciate a good looking man—still can. There's nothing wrong with a fantasy life, but I'd never act on it. There's too much at stake it would be wrong.

M: Well, you couldn't. You and Dad had to get married and bless the world with the magic that is Meghan McBlogger.

D: [Laughs] *Right.*

M: Damnit...

D: I think she needs to examine her sense of commitment to this guy and really think about the fact that when you're committed to someone, you don't stop finding people attractive, but you stop acting on it.

M: Do you believe in breaks?

D: I think that's just a way of saying, "I want to cheat, I want to sleep with someone else, but I don't want to cheat, so let's do this for a while." Again, I know people who have done it and gotten back together and those who haven't. It really puts a relationship to a test.

M: It did for Ross and Rachel.

D: Who?

M: Ross and Rachel! "Friends"!

D: Oh. True. I need to clip Evie's claws.

M: Where is she?

D: Sitting in my lap, being a good girl.

M: Oh, hey buddy!

D: I think you're kidding yourself when you say, "Let's take a break. Let's say let's not be exclusive with each other, but let's still be in each other's life."

M: Yeah, but do you think there's anything wrong with that?

D: No. I just think she has to figure out how she feels. Nobody can tell her that. She should come to a few realizations about her feelings before she brings it to him. Don't go up to him and say, "Hey! I'm not sure if I love you!" You figure out what you're comfortable with and then tell him, "I've been examining the situation and I feel like this and I hope it's OK with you."

M: So what you're trying to tell me is that this girl has some serious soul searching to do. Skippin' rocks. Long walks on the beach in cable knit sweaters clutching herself. Sitting on park benches watching children play with a far away look on her face.

D: Right...Ooo, Evie sees a stink bug!

Hi Queer Abby and Meg,

Where do you stand on the issue of cheating men? Because I find myself in a bit of a pickle. I've been dating a guy for over 2 years now. He's funny, sweet, we're really in love (etc etc)...and I thought he was perfect until about 6 months ago. I should explain that we were both in Spain on separate study abroad programs, with slightly different circles of friends. A few weeks into our programs, I started noticing suspicious pictures popping up on Facebook of some of the girls in his program...sitting on his lap, hugging him in pictures, etc. Red flag. I confronted him about it, and he said nothing was going on.

Then about 6 months ago, back in the States, I found out (through a girl friend of HIS, mind you) that he had drunkenly made out with one of these biddies at a party in Spain that I was not at. At the "cheating" time, we had been dating ten months. Obviously, I confronted him about his make-out "indiscretion", and he said it was a one-time drunken mistake. He swears he's never cheated on me in any other capacity, before or since. My argument is that he's a fan of the booze on occasion, so short of going crazy-restrictive-girlfriend on his ass, how do I know he won't play tonsil hockey again whilst inebriated?

What really chaps my ass is a) how I found out...he admitted he planned to never tell me! Good thing his bimbo friend spilled the beans and b) How do we rebuild the trust we had? I feel like one of those girls who is being blinded by love, and I HATE feeling like that. I swore if my boyfriend ever cheated in any way, I'd always walk out. Am I an idiot for sticking around? When I rationalize it, he makes me happy in every other way, and maybe it was just a stupid one-time makeout. I'm just terrified at the thought that he has hooked up with other girls while we've been dating. My friends who know us both well agree with him that this was a one-time thing. I need an outsider perspective because I'm too deep in the mud to see clearly (is that even an expression?). What would you do in this situation?!

Feeling Powerless Over La Situacion

What do I *think* I'd do in this situation? Leave. Have I always felt that way? No. Have I ever stayed with a cheater? Yep. Did that work out well? Sure didn't.

....But could it have worked out differently??? Entirely.

I'm just saying this is one of those decisions only you can make,

because **the most important thing here** is that you feel good about what you do. It's not good that you feel powerless right now and, whether you chalk it up to the cheating or subsequent jealousy, a lack of trust/security in a relationship is usually kind of a kill-shot. So, as it stands you need to either

A) Stay in the relationship fully knowing and trusting all of your reasons for doing so (not only so you can remind yourself of them when you start feeling insecure/jealous/crazy-pants, but also so you can still respect yourself and your decision if, by chance, he cheats again). **OR**

B) Walk away with 100% confidence in why you're doing it so you don't waste the next however-long wondering if you made the right decision or waiting for him to unequivocally redeem himself and regain your trust all of the sudden.

I realize it's easier said than done, but you need to figure out which one of those options you're leaning toward/would make you feel best about yourself and run with it whole-heartedly.

I will say this though: I don't like that he point blank lied to you about it and even admitted he would've never told you. That makes it really hard to trust him now when he says he hasn't cheated again. So if you do stay with him please bear in mind that he's in the doghouse with good reason; therefore, he definitely shouldn't be doing anything that makes you feel the need to pull any crazy-restrictive-girlfriend stuff. You seem sane and like you really want to forgive him, so if you start to feel yourself acting that way then it's probably a decent indication that things aren't working out—regardless of whether it's because you've lost too much trust or because he's being dodgy.

D: What would you do?

M: If I'm being completely honest, I'd stay with him. But I think that's mostly because I'm not a particularly intelligent person and I don't want to be alone.

D: I feel like it's probably he'll do it again. You can never be certain, but it's probable. I mean, he already admitted he had no intentions of telling her he did it.

M: Yeah, but again, being 100% honest, if I got drunk one night and made out with some dude who wasn't my boyfriend, I don't think the next day I'd sit my boyfriend down at a Caribou and be like, "Oh, by the way, I should probably tell you that I made out with some dude last night. XOXOXO."

D: No, but that makes the other person feel like a total idiot when they find out. Humiliated and angry. Hurt and really mad.

M: If this were me and my boyfriend made out with some random ho, what would you tell me to do?

D: It's hard because you just never know. I tend to think that people show their true colors when they're drunk.

M: My true colors are *greatly* regretting the combination of nachos and pumpkin beer.

D: If he didn't have a problem doing it once, he won't have a problem doing it again. It's one of those things where he'll be sorry he got caught, but not sorry it happened. I think there's some men who don't have the same ethics. They think it's fine if they don't get caught. Like, *what she doesn't know won't hurt her*. And if she's going to be worried about this for the rest of their relationship, then she owes it to herself to be in a better relationship. I agree with Amy on that.

M: So quit wasting her own time and move on?

D: I wouldn't put it that way or she'll be hurt.

M: ...?

D: She should have more respect for herself than to do that. He should think enough of her that he wouldn't do that to her, whether he planned to or not. Something in his head should say, "this would really hurt her and I shouldn't do it." Cheating on someone is incredibly disrespectful. It's not necessarily saying, "you're not enough for me," it's just saying, "I'm going to do whatever I want without regard to how it's going to respect you." If he did it once, I tend to think he'll do it again.

M: Do you think she's dumb if she stays?

D: I don't think she's dumb, I just think she should think enough of herself that she should want to be treated well all of the time, whether he's drunk or sober.

M: Damn, wise words mom.

D: Now I'll probably get all of the horrible comments, right?

M: Shit, welcome to the club!

hey gals,

love you guys, love the blog. (and meggles, sorry shit is rough for you right now. my friends and i love you, are in the metro area, and would happily pool our pennies and buy you a drink. or some klonopin. just say the word!) [Ed. note: THE WORD. Klonopin. You know my email address.]

i'm going to go ahead and apologize in advance for the brain power you're going to burn up while following this story. it's complicated. if you want me to submit a diagram, holler. [Ed. note: *always submit a diagram.*]

backstory: since the first grade, i've been bffs ^max with kristen. kristen and i went to grade school with this girl hannah. kirsten and hannah are bffs. i like hannah fine, but never really knew her that well/def wasn't/am not bffs with her. fast forward 20 years. hannah marries this guy brent. brent works with this girl sarah. sarah went to high school with my boyfriend bryce and they're pretty good friends.

through a complicated series of events, i come to find out that brent is having an affair with sarah. that's right: my bff's bff's husband is doin' it with my bf's friend. whew.

when i first found out, my attitude was somewhere along the lines of: it's not my business, i haven't seen it with my own two eyes, i'm not going to get into it, i don't want to put kristen in the position of whether to tell hannah or not, it feels like spreading gossip, etc. (though, writing that now makes me feel like kind of a shmuck, not gonna lie) sarah and brent's affair went on for a few months and then stopped... until last weekend when they hooked up again.

now i can't stop thinking about it and how i should tell kristen. bryce's attitude is that sarah shouldn't have told us if she wanted to keep it a secret, especially given that she knows i'm friends with kristen and, by association, with hannah. and he's told me that he sides with me and whatever i decide to do-- a green light to tell kristen, IMO. (though, i can't help feeling like it's going to fuck up their friendship and my relationship with sarah...) i know i have to keep reminding myself that it's about brent and HIS behavior, and the effect his actions have on his wife, etc. and chances are that if it's not sarah he's messing around with, it will be someone else... and better for hannah to know now than 5/10/20 years down the line when there are kids involved. right? (oh, and did i mention that hannah told kristen they're gonna start trying to make babies? ICK!)

so, do i tell kristen? i don't feel like i could tell hannah... but should i cut out the middle man, grow a pair and do that? do i need to use sarah's name? is this a case of sticking my nose in other people's biz/where it doesn't belong? should i punch sarah in the ovaries for being a ho and putting me in this position? should i leave them all anonymous notes in their bedside tables? or should i just sit tight and keep my mouth shut and let his manwhore ways make themselves evident all on their

own?

thanks for reading.

signed,
where's snookie when you need her?

This is a really tough one.

I obviously think she deserves to know the truth. If I was her I'd want to know... I'd also want as few other people to know as possible. But you're not *obligated* to tell her, per se, and you didn't do anything wrong here so the burden of having to go through that horribly awkward conversation shouldn't fall on your shoulders, or even Kirsten's for that matter. It should fall entirely on him...

So, I think you should give Brent an ultimatum. Tell him you know the score and you don't want to tell Hannah or Kirsten, but she needs to know. (Furthermore, in lieu of punching her in the ovaries, I'd tell him Sarah's the one who told you.) I know that's harsh, but he did it to himself and, ultimately, you're giving him a chance to man up and finally do the right thing—even if it is under duress. And if you're worried that either he or Sarah is going to come back to you and beg you not to tell, insist it won't happen again or give you any shit about it, then do it anonymously. The whole point is making this thier problem, not yours.

To be totally honest, I'm really surprised I'm giving this advice, but seriously it's not like you're putting him a situation that he doesn't 100% deserve to be in... If he didn't want this day-of-reckoning, he shouldn't have continuously cheated on his wife. And you/Kirsten shouldn't have to bear the responsibility of righting his wrong by telling her.

D: Would you want someone telling you that your husband's having an affair with someone?

M: No in the short run, yes in the long run.

D: I think I agree that he should be the one to tell her. I don't think telling her mutual best friend would do any good because I don't think she should be the one to tell her either. I think she should confront him, but if I'm being honest, I don't know if I could.

M: Do you think it's her place to do anything at all?

D: I don't know. Part of me is saying don't tell just to get it off your chest, but the other part is saying if she finds out that the writer knew, she'll either say thanks for trying to protect me, or you knew and why the hell didn't you tell me? I think she should tell the guy.

M: What, email him? Shit, I don't know if I could do that. Is that fucked up to drag her friend in?

D: Well, for moral support because I'd be too chicken shit to do it myself.

M: Girlface should send me his email, I've got nothing to lose.

D: Haha, yeah, really. I would just say, "you're girlfriend is spreading it around that you're having an affair with her, I think it's a really shitty thing to do and you should think twice about it. And don't you think if she keep spreading it around, your wife is going to find out about it? Do you want her to?

M: It's so queer that she's telling people about it.

D: It sounds like she wants the wife to find out about it to break up their marriage. Why else would you shoot your mouth off about it? She has nothing to lose. She's not married to anyone else; *he's* the one with something to lose. And that's my final answer.

M: I respect that.

D: Alright. Now go make that funny.

M: Mom, I'm going to be honest with you again. I don't think I can make this funny because I think I'm going to go vomit up nachos and pumpkin beer instead.

D:Goodnight, Meghan.

M: Night mom!

And then I threw up. And spent the entire next day throwing up. Soooo, there's that.

Got a question for Meg and Queer Abby? Meg may or may not answer it because she's a stunted adult who doesn't have serious relationships with people and instead makes unique decisions like binge drinking pumpkin beer and ghetto nachos because she's having a rough week. So she makes her mom answers your questions instead. And then edits it a bottle of wine deep because she's pissed off about her computer crashing mid *Spun* download. Don't you want advice from someone like that?? Shoot an email to

QueerAbby@2birds1blog.com!

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